THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

To an old Indian Trail.

BY EDGARD YOUNG.

Old Path that wanders through primeval woods,
By racing feet upon the pretence trod made,
Through forest dark, o'er prairie solitudes,
By bleeding stream and tangled everglade!
How tokens of a race who passed like a dream!
The mourners to the wild, as to their kin,
Who knew no master but the Great Unseen,
In nature's pure unshackled liberty.
What hast thou seen, how pathway of the wild,
In by-gone years, the dim and distant past!
Hast thou an record of the forest child?
Kept carefully within the windings vast?
Thou it seem the warrior with his bow well strung,
With garnished quiver hanging at his back;
And heard his war-whoop to an echoless rung
In fearful unison o'er the woodland track?
Strong men were they, and fearfully arrayed,
Their dress the finely cutaneous once wore.
Huge bear's claws round their painted necks displayed.
Upon their brows the eagle's plume was worn,
As tokens of their valor in the chase;
And streamed the scalp-lock in the morning air,
Below it with many a flowering plume to grace
His warship brow, and please his children most.
There were the maidens of the forest fair,
And here the nations and surrendering way
Of the red race of their forest homes to be!
Of that wild race, and scarcely one is now!
And mournfully the ancient records tell ugh.
As shakes their leaves beneath the mystic spell
Of the world.

"Beneath our shade the Indian used to lie,
Where he was not, no sound was heard
But the wee kinnen, no sun e face one day.
A savage, pale face, set tenth in by the stream
And then another, and ere we could see
"Behold" another and another came
And we wondered why they came take place.
Our old hand friends and our home by one away.
Like stars that shrink before the coming day.
While thick and tower grow our enemies
Their wonder wrath now bared our dark arms among
The raging axe, the crash of falling trees,
And sweet, although we died in vain, the song
Of steady resolution pealed upon the breeze
All sounds that now we hear, around and more then.
The watch-dog's bay, the cock's shrill matin chime,
The lowing kine, the busy, cackling hen.
The ploughman's whistle and song at merger time
And as these pass, our old familiar friends.
The security knows that we had years of pure,
Dreadful sway, till only one remained
To share our grief, and o'er and o'er him deplore
Left to lament alone, he might be seen
Bending with Pure, over the silent place
Where slept the fathers of his injured race —
Now passed the plough, their smouldering house between
At length one of the other three
Was left to mourn.

Then would they speak, dim path, and thou to me
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Yet how we love them when they are no more.
Dust closes us kindred dust, we'll soon no more
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Merged in the millions that have gone before.
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To have the least relief, that amongst the souls.
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Shall mark the Indian trail, I'll think of thee.
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Original Tales.

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The Evils of Extravagance.

BY SUSAN ANGUS WHELPLEY.

"I never thought that you were necessary told to
taught. Catharine," said her husband, as they were seated
alone at a late hour by the dying embers of what had
been a cheerful fire. "But you seem strangely alter-
ed. It is not merely your dress and manner that are
wasted, and, during that period, I have discovered many
of your failings, but not until tonight, that trial in
your character which I fear, will finally ruin you."

Catharine, who had followed her mother, now dropped
into a chair and burst into tears. She felt that she had
outraged the rules of propriety, and treated with open
contempt one who had hitherto been considered as the
lawyer, and had a right, from relationship, to expect the
hospitality of its mansion. And now, like a flash of
lightning, that suddenly burst upon the eye was the
whole truth thrown her. The frequent visits of Mr.
Roberts for the past three weeks, after having been pre-
viously twice refused by her, she became convinced were
a part of a plot of her mother's, who she suspected was
now indulging the most selfish views for her, and per-
haps desired to make her a sacrifice to her idol.

All the feelings of Catharine's honour revolted at the
thought. And the patience of an Angel could have
become more fixed than were hers from that moment.
She now arose and approached the window, at which
her father's footsteps had been standing ever since her
mother left the room, as if contemplating the flowers that
had so faded of their beauty and loveliness. He
turned round as she approached and said,

"What do those sears betoken, Catharine? you re
sorrow for me?"

"Joy," she replied, "or far as I am concerned. And
now I must apologize for the conduct of my mother,
which I know you think unpardonable. You know, as
well as the rest of us, her passion for money—and she
has lately got a notion in her head that her daughter
have the means of liquidating debts of long standing,
of which, he was perfectly ignorant.

Mr. Flemming had not listened to several her repeated
extravagance and folly to the husband she loved, and
whose affection she feared to retain; and yet she smote
by every stroke of her power, to destroy it. Her
pain her mother's ambition to unite her destiny with a
man whose wealth was his only recommendation, and
who was old enough to be his grandfather.

Mrs. Flemming had, within a few months, made
many solemn promises to her husband, not to spend a
cent beyond the weekly allowance he granted her. Her
duplicity now caused her to blush, and she thought, if
the earth could open beneath her feet, how happy she
would secure her of something worse than that of
cherishing a mercenary spirit. Often had she deter-
mined to put bounds to her extravagance—only to find
she drawn a line over which she had resolved not to
step; often had she limited herself to some particulars
and while rejoicing over her self-denial in one art, before
she was aware of it, her ruling passion would triumph
over it, and she found herself more in debt than ever.
Like all the effects of bad habits, early formed—so
destructive in their influence in after life.

Mrs. Flemming loved her daughter Catharine,
and, had she been called to close her eyes in death,
would have been a mourner. Little did she re-
late that, in accomplishing her present purpose, she might
inflict a living death upon her. She beheld the rose up-
on her cheek, and the light sparkling in her eye, and
how could she think of death and her at the same time?
She well knew that the affections of Catharine were de-
voted to Charles Fenton, Francis Bannister's son, a
young lawyer, whose only dependance was upon his ta-
lents as the bar, and we were left out in the cold
in wonderful wisdom—and—it owns then
The sun look Mrs. Flemming for could be
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had named as that of the contemplated attack, and there, secreting themselves in the underwood, to await his coming.

"If you see me, still do not move. Lie by till I call you. Why—you will learn in good time. The cross-cut is a mile nearer than the road, and you will reach the place a quarter of an hour before me. Be cautious, and if you meet with other men, do not betray your vicinity. Only look to the priming of your guns," and with these words he dismissed the men, and began to retrace his steps.

"The villains," he said, "I shall catch them now in their own trap. Thanks to that sybil-like creature for her warning. Perhaps I owe her my life—my sister shall seek her out and reward her. What a splendid creature she is—and how her face haunts me! Ah! I shall have these murderous wretches in my power, caught in the very act, of highway robbery, in less than an hour." Thus soliloquizing to himself—now of the robbers, now of the gipsy girl—the young man retraced his steps until he reached the lane, when he continued his journey as he had at first projected.

Stanhope Vaux had a bold heart, as was evinced by his present daring movement, but as he drew near the place which the gipsy girl had pointed out as the spot where he was to be waylaid, he began to have uneasy misgivings as to the result of his undertaking. The least failure in the game-keepers to reach the appointed spot in time, would disconcert the whole plot, and leave him at the mercy of the gipsies, unless, as was highly improbable, he could repulse them alone. As he entered the low, dark dell, which the gipsy girl had told him was the spot selected for the attack, these misgivings acquired tenfold force. His heart, however, did not fail him, but the consciousness of his peril was increased. He rode, therefore, slowly and cautiously, narrowly watching every thicket, and he was not consequently taken by surprise, when a man, rushing suddenly from a covert, endeavored to check his horse, at the same time aiming a blow with a bludgeon at the head of Stanhope, which the young man dexterously avoided. Upon the instant, three powerful gipsies sprang into the road, and Stanhope found himself engaged with four persons, each one of whom was fully his equal. His own men did not seem to be within call, for, although he shouted for aid, no succor came. Luckily he was armed with a heavy riding whip, and backing his horse against the bank, he boldly faced his foes, dealing his blows around him with such effect that, for some minutes, he kept his assailants at bay. The odds, however, against him were too great for ultimate triumph. Three of the men still kept pressing on his front, and though the fourth one had momently disappeared, Stanhope knew his absence only boded further peril. Nor was he mistaken. Suddenly he heard a bough crackle above him, and looking hastily up he beheld the other gipsy on the bank overhead, in the very act of levelling a blow at him with a cudgel. It was the work of an instant to dash his horse forward, but this only exposed his rear as well as his front to the foe. The gipsies saw their advantage, and rushed with loud shouts on him, while their companion, springing again into the road, assailed Stanhope from behind. The young man felt that the robbers were overpowering him, and that, in another instant, he would be wholly in their power. They were already inflamed by his resistance, and two of them were bloody with contusions, received from his loaded whip, so that he knew he should obtain no mercy from his conquerors. But he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. Circling his heavy whip once more around his head, he aimed a last blow at the foremost of his assailants, which brought the gipsy reeling to the earth, but, as Stanhope was recovering himself after the blow, the robber from behind, leaped on him, and pinioning the young man's arms in his own, secured their prey. At the same instant another of the gipsies rushed on the now defenceless Stanhope, and drawing a knife, raised it as if to plunge it in his bosom.

"Drive it into him," growled the one who had acted as the leader, "dead men tell no tales!"

"Hold! on your life," said a voice; and, at the moment, a hand pushed back the weapon, and the gipsy girl interposed betwixt Stanhope and his assailant.

"Perdition take the girl," said the first speaker, with a curse, "give her the cold steel for her interference—this is none of her business."

The man whose murderous intentions had been for a moment baffled by the daring of the girl, jerked back his arm at these words, and raising his knife once more, aimed it at her bosom. Stanhope saw the attempt, and, by a sudden effort, loosed an arm, so as partially to ward off the stroke; but the attempt was not wholly successful, for the keen blade, although diverted from her heart, was buried in her shoulder. The warm blood gushed over her swelling bosom.

"By all that is holy you shall suffer for this, villains—murderers!" shouted the infuriated Stanhope, as he saw the brutal wound given, and gaining, in the excitement of the moment, the strength of a dozen men, he shook off his assailants, and springing before the fainting girl, interposed his arm just in time to save her from a second and more deadly blow. But the contest was too unequal. Pausing only to recover themselves from the repulse, the gipsies again dashed on the defenceless Stanhope, and a surer and more unerring blow than had yet been made, was aimed at his heart; but at that instant, the sharp report of a gun echoed across the twilight, and the assailant, leaping up, fell dead at the feet of Stanhope, who stood unharmed. Simultaneously another shot rang on the air, and the leader of the robbers fell also wounded; while the two game-keepers rushed out from the wood, and hastened to their master's side. The whole scene passed with the rapidity of thought, and for a while Stanhope thought it was all a dream. A moment before, the blade of the assassin had been aimed at his bosom, and now the robber lay at his feet in the silence of death.

Stanhope's first thought was of the gipsy girl, whose unlooked for interposition had saved his life. She had fainted, and was now lying senseless on the ground. Lifting her gently up, he endeavored to staunch the blood from her wound, and in doing so he noticed, to his surprise, a ribbon, to which was suspended a miniature in a gold case. Wondering that such an ornament should be in her possession, he could not avoid looking at it. The first glance at the picture increased his astonishment. It was an old painting, and somewhat defaced, but the features were identical with those of a portrait of the late lady of the manor, the wife of his uncle, whose heir he had been. As he glanced, in curious surprise, from the miniature to the features of the inanimate girl, he saw with astonishment a counterpart of the picture, and the reason why the face of the beautiful gipsy had seemed to him not unknown, flashed on him at once. A wild thought shot through his mind—could it be?—yet no!—his reason was bewildered. He [illegible] involuntarily to the wounded leader of the gipsies, whom the game-keepers were securing, and detected the man regarding him with a smile of meaning scorn.

"What know you of this mystery? In God's name speak! She said she was no gipsy—who is she?"

The man smiled as before, but made no answer.

"Answer me, and you shall go free—is she, as I suspect, my cousin?"

The game-keepers looked at each other, as if they thought their master's senses were wandering, but still the gipsy made no reply except by that meaning smile.

"I conjure you—I implore you, man, brute, devil, or whatever you are, satisfy my curiosity! I give you my honor you shall not be harmed, ask any thing else and I will give it to you."

"Ah! that is more like it," said the gipsy, with a brutal laugh, "why could you not have come at once to the point? I know, as you suspect, much. But I am cursedly wounded,—let me be taken care of,—sign me a deed, giving me an annuity of fifty pounds a year, and then I will tell what you wish to know. But until that is done I will say nothing."

Stanhope saw that it would be useless to urge the gipsy further, and besides his attention was again engrossed by the wounded girl beside him, who now began to show signs of life. The strange interest which he had felt in this lovely being at first, was now exchanged for a deeper and warmer sentiment, and as he gazed on her face and thought how she had risked her life for him, the idea that she might be his long-lost cousin, made his heart thrill with delicious emotion. With more than a brother's care he lifted her on his horse, and staunching the blood as he best might, proceeded to the nearest cottage, where further aid was secured. Meanwhile the wounded gipsy, in furtherance of Stanhope's bargain, was secretly conveyed to the Hall.

A month had passed. In the deep embrasure of the great window of the dining-room of the old Hall, looking out over a rich sunset prospect of hill, wood, and meadow, stood Stanhope Vaux, and at his side, half-reclining on a couch, was the gipsy girl. Her beautiful face was pale with recent illness, but her dark eye was even softer than when we last saw her. She was no longer attired in her gipsy garb, but a rich robe enveloped her voluptuous form. She leaned on one arm and gazed thoughtfully on the floor. Stanhope looked on her abstractedly in a reverie apparently as deep as her own.

Circumstances had greatly altered since we last presented them to our readers. The gipsy had made a full confession. Isabel—for such was the real name of our heroine—was the only child of the late possessor of Vaux Hall. Her father, a stern, bad man, had, when she was quite a child, deeply wronged a man by the name of Dawlor, one of his tenantry, and the man, determining on revenge, and knowing that the baronet's heart could only be approached through his affection for his child, had stolen her away, and eventually joined a gipsy camp. Isabel, however, was old enough to remember, although but dimly, that she had not always been a gipsy; and, although the man who stole her away, had endeavored to eradicate this impression from her mind, he had been unsuccessful. As she grew up, nothing could induce her to adopt the arts of the gipsy camp, and often would she have deserted it had she known whither to fly. By what fatality Dawlor, who had risen to be a leader of his gang, had been led to return to Vaux Hall, we do not know; but the scenery in its vicinity had awakened strange emotions in Isabel's bosom, as if a dream of the past had been realized. Whether Dawlor's hatred to her father had descended to the heir we cannot say; but knowing that Stanhope often rode in the forest after dark, he projected this robbery. The woman's nature of Isabel led her to revolt at this plot, which happily she had overheard. The rest is known to our readers. The identity of Isabel was proved, not only by the numerous trinkets stolen with her, and which the gipsy now restored, but by the old nurse, who recognised her charge by a scar on the arm, produced by her own carelessness in suffering the infant to burn itself severely. The reader may well imagine that the old woman wept tears of joy on the bosom of her long-lost, but now recovered child. All this, we repeat, had transpired since we last saw Stanhope and Isabel; and the knowledge of it is necessary to understand the following conversation.

We have said that Isabel was gazing abstractedly on the floor. At length, however, she looked up timidly to her lover's face. Their eyes met. Why did Isabel blush over brow, neck and bosom? Why did Stanhope betray equal emotion?

"Isabel," he said, after a pause, taking her hand, and his voice was perhaps somewhat tremulous as he spoke, "we love each other—do we not?"

The bosom of the beautiful girl heaved with emotion, and her long eye-lashes dropped to her cheek, while her glance once more sought the ground. But she made no answer.

"Isabel, *dear* Isabel," said Stanhope, dropping on his knees beside her, "you are my equal, in birth, why then should you refuse to be mine? I know we love each other. Dismiss your scruples then. Say, dear Isabel, say you will be mine."

The impassioned tones of the speaker increased the agitation of the beautiful girl, and she could scarcely murmur a reply, but though the words were broken and low, they conveyed the wished for response, coupled, however, with a declaration of her own unworthiness.

"You wrong yourself, dear Isabel," said the glad lover, imprinting his first kiss holily on her brow, "and so," he continued, rising suddenly as a lady entered the apartment, "my sweet sister will tell you. Think not love has blinded me—is it not so, Mary?"

They were married and went abroad; and for months it was the delightful task of Stanhope to educate his young wife's opening mind. When, after an absence of two years they returned to England, there was not, in the whole county, a more beautiful or accomplished bride than Isabel.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

ILLINOIS MONEY.

Illinois money is at present at a discount of forty per cent. in this city. We must consequently decline receiving it until further notice.

OUR MESS.

We are indebted, for an early copy of this work, to the politeness of Messrs. Carey & Hart, who have made an exclusive arrangement with the author for the priority of re-publication in the United States. We are thus enabled to give it to our readers at an earlier day than it could be received from Europe in the regular course of arrivals. Our readers will find in the chapters given this week that the author of "O'Malley" has lost none of his wit, humor, or graphic power. In short,

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman,

will be universally popular; and will add another feature to the varied pages of the Post. We shall continue to give the succeeding chapters as fast as they come to our hands.

To Correspondents.

"E." shall have an answer next week.

Our correspondent at Sumpterville, will know, by these presents, that the article he alludes to, shall appear. One of his Sonnets, "A Remembered Form," is published in the periodical to which he alludes. Of this, he will receive due evidence. We are always pleased to hear from him.

"S. S." shall appear at an early day.

"Sacred Thoughts"—certainly.

"G. C. B.'s" article is accepted. Look for it at an early day.

"To My Sister," is accepted, and disposed of as the writer wished.

"To ——," is not sufficiently finished for our columns.

"The Indian Maiden," shall appear.

"The Indian's Farewell," is on file for insertion.

"The Fisherman's Wife," by all means. We give it here, that every one may appreciate its beauties. Mark the originality of the ideas, the harmony of the verse, and the boldness of the metaphors.

The glorious sun,
The zenith's won,
And yet his bark is not in sight.
Last eve 'twas then
He told me when
His bark should appear gladsome and light.
He bade me look
From yon high nook
At the dawn of gay morning's beams.—
Yet I've been there
Gazing all o'er
The horizon of golden bright streams
And there 's no bark
Been ne'er though dark
Was the hour when first I stood there.—
The dew has left
The rocky cleft,
Though it dampen'd my feet, then bare
The hour he said
Has long since sped,
And yet no trace of him I see:
Alas! I fear
The wave's his bier.
For he's ne'r broke his word to me.

"The Journey of the Wind," is entirely too long for our columns, and this, without going farther, is a good reason for its rejection. We are much like a certain judge to whom a barrister said, "My lord, I can give a dozen reasons why this suit should abate." "What are they?" said his lordship. "First, the man is dead—secondly"—"Stop—stop," said the judge, "the first reason is quite sufficient."

"The Lost One," shall appear at an early day. The article last sent is favorably received, and disposed of as the author wishes. Why does he not try his hand at a tale?

"J. S. C." is accepted.

Our correspondents, one and all, must have patience, since the mass of poetry we have on hand prevents us often from inserting accepted pieces as soon as we could wish. Some of the articles noticed, may not appear for a month,—but the authors may depend on "having their turn."

Hard Times.

We hear on every hand one universal cry of hard times. Well—we suppose the times are hard, but what of it? Do we suffer bodily pain, or mental anguish, or are we in greater danger of death, because the times are hard? What are hard times in short, that they should be such a bugbear? Let us look at the matter fairly for a moment.

Every thing is relative in this world. Hard times are relative in consequence. That condition of affairs which one man would consider hard, another man may consider the very contrary. The prisoner in his chains, and a king on his throne—a beggar by the highway or a millionaire in his chariot, would have very different ideas of what were hard times. He who has been used to luxuries will grumble if reduced to the allowance which a man of humbler habits would consider an ample stipend. Mere living does not cost much, and it is wonderful on what little a man can exist and be happy. Ask a German peasant what it costs him a day to live, and he will mention a sum which many would think incredible,—and yet what person is more contented than a German peasant?

Our happiness after all lies in ourselves, and though it may be affected it cannot be wholly destroyed by extrinsic circumstances, unless we turn traitor and open the way to our enemy. Let a man make up his mind to be happy, and it is wonderful how successful he will find himself. The old fellow in Jacob Faithful is a practical exemplification of this. Did any serious calamity occur, his reply would be "Better luck next time." So it should be with all of us. Especially should our conduct be thus in a season when our distresses are purely monetary. The loss of a friend is irreparable, but fortune may be recovered. Even putting things in the worst aspect, and supposing that you lose every cent you have, are you to sit down to useless repinings, shall you spend your days in disgraceful idleness? By no means. You have health, life, perhaps youth to aid you—up like a man and recover your lost ground. It is [illegible] to grieve. You will not put money in your purse [illegible] by—on the contrary you will distress your family, your friends and all with whom you come in daily contact.

We once knew a man of wealth who had risen from insolvency. He was originally possessed of a decent fortune. He embarked it all in a venture, however, during the wars of the French Revolution, and the ship in which he freighted it had contraband of war on board. The ship was taken and condemned, and the man was ruined. He saw himself without a cent in the world, and for a while his soul was crushed within him. But he considered that he had life, youth and health—that his intellect was unimpaired—that he was surrounded by friends whom he dearly loved and by whom he was loved in return. He set his face like a flint, therefore, against anything like useless repining, went to work like a man, a philosopher, and a christian, and in a few years retrieved all his losses. Which acts the more wisely, a man like this one, or a man who makes every body unhappy by grumbling about hard times?

The times *are* hard—that, no one doubts. But will long faces, frowning brows, peevish tempers, and mental worrying, make the times better? We trow not. Will they not rather increase our own unhappiness and that of our family and friends? Then away with these looks. Let those who are in difficulties look their troubles firmly in the face; and after a calm review of everything, do their best to avert or mitigate their difficulties. If they fail they will have the consciousness of knowing they have done their duty. But let them, one and all, act like philosophers.

If the times are hard, people must live cheaper. Discard your luxuries and fall back on your comforts, and if this last line is successfully attacked, then thank Heaven that you have got the necessaries of life! This is our doctrine. We hate a sour face as we hate a ghost, and would exorcise both in much the same way. Reduce your expenses, and keep cheerful. No man whose regard is worth having, will think less of you because you live within your income, instead of surpassing it, and thus cheating your neighbors. If the hard times will come, let them come. Who cares? They will soon decamp, if people meet them properly.

Meeting at U. S. Bank.

A meeting of the stockholders of the U. S. Bank was held at the Banking House, pursuant to adjournment, at 10 o'clock on Monday morning last. Henry C. Corbit, Esq. took the chair, and the Secretary, Jos. R. Chandler, Esq. read the minutes of the last meeting.

Mr. Chandler then read the Resolutions offered by Mr. Randall at the meeting of Stockholders held January 3d, 1842, declaring the assignments of the Directors void. These resolutions were as follows.

Resolved, That in the judgment of this meeting, the assignments by the Board of Directors of the Bank of the United States, dated the 7th day of June, and the 4th day of September, 1841, were executed in violation of the true intent and spirit of the Acts of Assembly incorporating the Bank, and the supplements thereto, passed the 4th and 5th days of May last.

Resolved, So far as the Stockholders have the power to act in the premises, and to assert their opinion, they do hereby declare that the said assignments are utterly null and void. Subject to the approval or disapproval of the meeting to be held on the third Monday in February next.

Henry M. Watts, Esq. offered, as an amendment, the following resolution:

Resolved, That in order to quiet all doubts on the subject, it is the desire of the Stockholders of the Bank of the United States, that the Board of Directors should take measures to have the question of the validity of the assignments made by the Board of Directors, on the 1st of May, the 7th of June, and the 4th and 6th of September, 1841, submitted to the judicial tribunals of the Commonwealth for their decision.

After a spirited debate in which Messrs. Watts, Randall, and Col. Drayton took part, Charles Gibbons, Esq. offered the following resolution as an amendment to Mr. Watts' amendment.

Resolved, That the assignments made by the President and Directors of the Bank of the United States on the 7th of June, and the 4th and 6th of September, 1841, were made in pursuance of authority vested in them; were for the best interests of the Bank, and are hereby ratified and confirmed by this meeting.

A somewhat violent debate now occurred, in which more than one personal recrimination was made. The discussion ended, however, by an adoption of Mr. Gibbons' amendment by a vote of 204 to 109. The question was now put on the resolution as amended when it was adopted. An unsuccessful motion to adjourn was now made: after which Mr. Randall offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is expedient for the Bank of the United States to make a general assignment of the real and personal estate, goods, chattels, rights and credits whatsoever and wheresoever of the said corporation, to five persons, for the payment or securing of the debts of the said Bank of the United States, agreeably to the provisions of the acts of Assembly of this [illegible] passed the 4th and 5th days of May, 1841.

A discussion ensued on this motion also, and much difference of opinion was found to exist. In this stage of the proceedings a motion was made to adjourn; but a question was raised whether the Stockholders should vote, on this question, by the head or by the share. The Chairman decided that they must vote by the head. The motion was then put, when 178 persons voted for an adjournment, and 119 against it. Mr. Corbit then pronounced the meeting adjourned and left the chair.

Mr. Randall got up again, and desired all who were opposed to the adjournment to remain in the room, and upon his motion Franklin Comly, Esq. was called to the chair. Wm. D. Kelley, Esq. was appointed Secretary, but declined, as he desired to see some gentleman who owned a larger quantity of stock appointed, and upon his motion Mr. Andrew F. Schwab, of New York, was chosen Secretary. The following Resolutions were then offered by Mr. Randall seconded by Mr. Hirst, and adopted:

Resolved, That a meeting of the Stockholders of the Bank of the United States shall be held on the second Monday in April next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. at the Banking house in Philadelphia, for the purpose of considering the propriety of making a general assignment of the estate and effects of the Bank, agreeably to the provisions of the acts of Assembly of this State, passed on the 4th and 5th of May, 1841.

Resolved, That at the said meeting, the Stockholders shall vote on all questions according to the scale of votes provided in the charter, in the election of Directors.

Resolved, That in case the proposition to make a general assignment shall be agreed to by the stockholders at the said meeting, persons shall then be nominated as trustees under that assignment, five of whom shall be chosen by the stockholders at a subsequent meeting, to be held on the third Monday in April next.

On motion of Mr. Kennedy a committee was then appointed to draft a general assignment, to be submitted to the Stockholders at the proposed meeting. The committee consists of Messrs. J. M. Kennedy, J. Randall, A. F. Schwab, R. Porter and F. Cornell.

A call for the proposed meeting was then circulated for signing, as such a call requires the signatures of at least sixty Stockholders. After some further business of rather an informal character, the meeting then adjourned.

The debate on Messrs. Watts and Gibbons amendments was marked by some acrimony, and showed the existence of two powerful parties among the Stockholders—one party being in favor of invalidating the assignments, and the other party being in favor of sustaining them. The main argument of the former party was that the assignments were illegal and invalid—that they would have some day to come before a Court of Adjudication—and that the proper course for the Stockholders would be for them to do it at once on a "case stated." The opposite party contended for the validity of the assignments, and quoted the written opinions of Messrs. Meredith, Binney, Rawle and Brooks to that effect. This party, it has been seen, prevailed.

A curious enquiry arises whether or not the proceedings of the non-adjournists—if we may coin a word—were legal; and whether a general assignment made as they specify would be valid. Time will determine.

Mr. Schwab, who is one of the committee, is the heaviest Stockholder of the Bank. He made a speech, expressing a hope that something would be done to protect the interests of the Stockholders.

Eloquent Lecture.

We understand that a lecture is to be delivered by the Rev. John Newland Maffit, at the Musical Fund Hall on Tuesday evening, March 1st, for the Wilbur Fisk Institute. Subject, "The Moral Grandeur of the American Revolution."

We need say nothing of the eloquence of Mr. Maffit. He has been one of the most popular pulpit orators of the country for the last twelve years. A brilliant imaginative lecture may be expected. We have no doubt the Hall will be densely crowded if the managers of the Institute do not prevent it by limiting the number of tickets. That we hope they will do. Let it be comfortably full and no more.

Tickets of Admission 50 cents, may be had at Hogan & Thompson's, No. 108 Chesnut street, Harmstead's Book Store, Fourth street, below Arch, H. Perkins, Chesnut street, next U. S. Bank, and at the door. Lecture to commence at 7½ o'clock.

Mexico.

Young Coombs, has been liberated by Santa Anna, and Dr. Richard H. Brenham and Lieut. Lubbock have made their escape from the city of Mexico.

Report on Exchequer Bill.

[illegible] Exchequer Bill, reported in the Senate on [illegible]day, was accompanied by a report. The report is [illegible] voluminous. We give, however, the substance of [the] document. The committee contend that this paper circulation, based upon specie, dollar for dollar, will not add to the circulating medium of the country. The committee have heretofore shown that it ought to add to it. But it has many advantages over specie; amongst those advantages are the following:

1. It will be the means of drawing forth from its hiding places specie that has been hoarded, to the estimated amount of several millions; and which, in its present condition, is of no use to its possessor nor to the country. The lack of confidence in individuals and banks as safe depositories, which caused the retirement of specie, will yield at once to the unbounded confidence inspired by the Exchequer, where specie notes are issued on a deposite of specie, and the safe custody of the deposite is guaranteed by the Government for the redemption of the notes.

2. In the ratio of the increased velocity and economy which paper affords over specie, and to which may be added the high credit of this paper, it will impart a great activity, and consequently effectiveness to the circulating medium.

3. The local banks may be induced, to a great extent, to substitute this paper for their own.

4. It will prevent the depreciation of specie, by abrasion, whilst in circulation.

5. It will prevent its total loss to the country and to the world by shipwreck and other casualties.

6. It will afford the most convenient, safe, and valuable currency for travel.

7. It will be the best and safest remittance by mail, from one end of the Union to the other, for the payment of newspapers and periodicals, and other things requiring small sums without the possibility of loss by depreciation to those who receive it.

8. It will tend to regulate the banks, and, by a frequent settling of balances, to bring them up to a sound circulation.

9. It will do much towards regulating exchanges, by means of its favorable action on the local currency.

The committee concluded as follows:

In the view which the committee have taken of the plan of a Fiscal Agent submitted by the Secretary of the Treasury, they have suggested certain important modifications, and in order to give the Senate a more concise and connected view of the system as they propose to modify it, they submit the following.

Loss of the Charter Oak.

This steamboat, with which those who have *steamed* on Long Island Sound are familiar, was lost during the heavy gale on Wednesday week. She left New York on Wednesday afternoon, as usual—the weather through the evening was good, and her passage was uninterrupted until about mid-night, when the storm struck her off Faulkner's Island.

For a short time she weathered it successfully, but her rudder-chains soon gave way under the force of the waves, and for five hours she was entirely unchangeable. During this time she was driven through the narrow passage between Faulkner's and Gull Islands, called the Race, known as an extremely difficult channel, yet she passed it in perfect safety, although entirely at the mercy of the wind, and ran southeast before the gale directly into the open sea.

About 5 o'clock in the morning, no one on board knowing where she was, she struck on the sea side of Fisher's Island, her engine bringing her up under the lee of the land, and nothing remaining between her and the open sea. The boat lay here til daylight, and at about 11 o'clock the passengers and crew all landed in safety through the surf, the water being about breast high.

The weather was extremely cold, and the water froze instantly upon such parts of the clothing as it touched. No dwelling being in sight, all had to make their way over the bleak and dreary island under the force of the storm and gale in the most perishing condition in which they were, a distance of about one mile and a half, when they reached the house of Mr. Strickland, where they were hospitably and kindly entertained throughout a day and night sojourn. On Friday morning two sloops came from New London to their assistance, in which the passengers departed, some for New London and others for Stonington, after having experienced the severest dangers and hardships.

Several naval gentlemen who were on board declared that she could not have borne the swell if she had not been remarkably well built and fastened. Her engine is believed to be uninjured, and kept in motion through the storm.

At a meeting of the passengers, held after the disaster, the greatest praise was bestowed on Captain Roathe for his constant and able exertions. The whole number of passengers was 50, of whom a few were ladies, and all behaved with great coolness. The escape is considered as most remarkable by all who were on board the vessel.

The Navy Board.

The presses of the country have of late [illegible] complaints, and not without reason, against the Navy Board. The attention of Congress has at length been called to the matter, and Mr. Wise has reported a bill for the re-organization of the Board.

The bill resolves the Navy Board into separate bureaus, each with its distinct and appropriate duties; and creates two others, which are to act in concert with these. This organization will secure undivided, individual attention and personal responsibility. It will bring to each bureau the talent, information, tact and skill, which its peculiar duties require. It will connect a wise and efficient discharge of these duties with the highest ambition of the individual on whom they delvove. It will place him, his efforts and his achievements, out in a distinct light. All will see where praise or blame belongs. Merit will have its just award, and fault its deserved censure.

On the proposed change the North American remarks: "The Navy Board will cease to be an object of indiscriminate attack. It will no longer be condemned for errors which resulted more from its organization, than the inattention of those who composed it. No three men living, whether in or out of the Navy, could properly discharge the varied and conflicting duties which devolve on the Board under its present organization. Duties as wide apart in their character as can well be conceived, and reaching to interests still wider asunder, have been forced at the same time on the action of this Board. It required the greatest sagacity and steadiness not to let them throw each other utterly out of place, and the highest energy to meet their respective claims. It required no small degree of resolution, in the midst of these contending interests and distracting claims, not to give up in despair. The last situation to be coveted is that of a Navy Commissioner, organized as the Board now is, and has been for years past. He gets no credit when matters go right, and indiscriminate reproach when they go wrong. We welcome the bill of Mr. Wise, and anticipate results, from its adoption, of the highest interest to the service and the country. We hope it will receive the sanction of Congress, and of the Executive, essentially in its present shape."

Loss of the Peacock.

By the arrival of a whale ship at Lahaina from St. Francisco, says the Polynesian, where the Vincennes then was, (Sept. 20,) we learn more particulars of the loss of the Peacock. She was lost about mid-day, of the 11th of July, on the north bar of the Columbia river, in smooth water. Soon after the breakers began to form, and for half a mile around them the river was one sheet of foam. The ship thumped heavily, and they momentarily expected the spars would go by the board, crush their boats, and thus cut off all chance of escape. By daylight the next morning, they were able to get out the boats, but lost two in the attempt. The water had then risen to her berth deck. The passage to the shore was perilous in the extreme, but through the coolness and skill of the officers it was effected without the loss of life. Purser Speiden saved his books and papers, and the Naturalists their journals. A few hours afterwards no trace of the ill-fated ship was to be seen. Captain Wilkes, in the Porpoise, with the Flying Fish, were employed in surveying the Columbia. The Vincennes was employed at St. Francisco, and a party had been exploring the Rio Sacriento. The brig Thomas Perkins was employed by Captain Wilkes, and it was supposed that she would touch here to land the supernumeraries.

Accidental Poisoning.

The Williamsburg, L. I. Gazette, relates the following melancholy occurrence.

A few weeks since Mr. N. Rowe, of this village, picked up a lump of crystalized arsenic on one of our piers, which he supposed to be a common mineralogical specimen of an interesting appearance. Mr. R. carried the article in question to his residence and laid it away in the garret. The children amused themselves with the arsenic, [illegible] and swallowed portions of it. They were soon seized with the distressing symptoms usually produced by that deadly poison. Notwithstanding prompt and skilful medical aid, both died.

Deaf and Dumb in Ohio.

The fifteenth report of the Trustees of the Ohio Asylum, for the education of Deaf and Dumb, shows that the number of pupils at present in the Asylum, is seventy-seven, sixty are supported by the State bounty, as indigent pupils, being the full number allowed by law, and seventeen are sustained by their friends; a greater number than in any preceding year.

Another Dinner to Dickens.

A dinner was given to Boz at the City Hotel in New York, on the evening of last Friday. The assemblage was numerous and the *fete* was got up with great splendor. Washington Irving presided. Bryant, Halleck, Hoffman and numerous others of the New York literati were present. The company sat down at seven o'clock. Several ladies, among whom were Mrs. Dickens and Miss Sedgwick, were present, and sat on a platform—directly behind the chairman and guests of the evening. There were five courses, embracing every delicacy of the season. When the last course had been cleared off, Washington Irving arose and after a short speech, which his emotion forced him to bring to an abrupt close, he proposed the following toast.

"Charles Dickens, *the literary guest of the nation.*"

This was received with tremendous cheering, after which the band played. Then, amidst great silence and with all eyes fixed on him, Mr. Dickens arose. He was received with enthusiastic applause. At its subsidence he said,

"Mr. President and Gentlemen, I dont know how to thank you—I really dont know how. You might suppose that by dint of custom; that from the experience you have given me, this difficulty has diminished, has dwindled into nothing, but I do assure you, that the fact is exactly the reverse. Unlike that "rolling stone that gathers no moss," I have in my progress to this place collected around me such a heap of gratulation and weight of acknowledgment, that in my power of expressing it I have grown more and more unwieldly every hour! (Loud applause.) I picked up such a quantity of fresh moss, so to speak,—(laughter,)—at a certain brilliant scene on Monday night, that I thought I never could, by any possibility, grow any bigger, (great laughter;) but crowded upon that, there comes again to-night a new accumulation, of such extent and magnitude that I am verily at a stand still and can roll no more! (Laughter and enthusiastic applause.) Gentlemen, we know from the authorities that whenever a fairy stone, or ball, or reel of thread stopped of its own accord—which I do not—some catastrophe was sure to be at hand. The precedent, however, stands good in my case, for remembering the short time I have before me, in this land of mighty interests, and the poor opportunities I can at best acquire of making myself acquainted with it. I have felt it almost a duty to decline the honors which my generous friends elsewhere would heap upon me, and henceforth to pass through the country more quietly. Argus himself, though he had but one mouth for all his hundred eyes, would have found the reception of a public entertainment once a week somewhat relaxing to his vigilance and activity. (Great laughter and applause.) And as I would lose no scrap or jot of the rich mines of gratification and instruction which await me, I know, on every hand, and of which I have already derived no small portion, even from your hospitals and common jails, I have resolved to take up my staff and go upon my way rejoicing, and for the future to shake hands with the Americans, not at parties, but *at home*. (Long continued cheers.) And therefore, gentlemen, I say to-night with a full heart, and an honest purpose, and a grateful meaning, that I bear with me and shall ever bear with me, a deeper sense of your kind affection and noble greeting than it is possible to convey in words—that no European sky without, and no cheerful home within, shall ever shut out this land from my vision; that I shall often hear your words of welcome in my quiet room, oftenest when it is most quiet, and see your faces and the winter evening fire—that if I live to grow old, the light of this hall, and others like it, will shine as brightly in my dull eyes fifty years hence as it does to-night, and that when my course is run the sympathy you have shown to me shall be called back and well remembered, if it so please God, in the enduring love and honor of my race. [Loud and enthusiastic applause.] Gentlemen, one other word in reference to this tiresome first person singular, and I close that thing. I came here in an open, honest, and a confiding spirit, if ever man did, and because I heartily inclined towards you—if I had felt otherwise, I should have kept away. As I came here without the admixture of the hundredth portion of a grain of base alloy—without the faintest unworthy reference to self in any word I have ever addressed to you, or in any sentiment I have ever interchanged with you, I claim to-night, in reference to the past for the last time, my right in reason, truth and justice, to appeal to you, as I have done on two former occasions, on a question of universal literary interest in both countries. And, gentlemen, I claim this justice, that I have made the appeal as one who has some right to speak and be heard, and that I have done so in the frank, and courteous, and good-humored spirit of deference to those who frankly, courteously, and good-humoredly differed from me in any or in every respect. (Cheers.) For myself, gentlemen, I have only to add, that I will ever be as true to you as you have been to me. (Loud cheers.) I rejoice in your enthusiastic approval of the creatures of my fancy, your enlightened care for the happiness of the many—your tender and gentle regard for the afflicted and helpless—for the correction and improvement of the bad, and the encouragement and solace of the good—the education and advancement of every member of society. (Great cheering.) My constant and unceasing devotion to the end of my life to those ends, and to every other object, to the extent of my humble capacity, having the common good in view, shall prove to you that in this respect at least you do not mistake me, and that the light you shed around my hearth was not unworthily bestowed. (Cheers.) And now that I have said this much in reference to myself, let me have the gratification I have long expected, of saying a few words in reference to somebody else. (Laughter.) There is, in this city, a gentleman, who at the conclusion of one of my books—and I well remember that it was the "Old Curiosity Shop,"—wrote to me in England a letter, so generous, so affectionate, so manly, that if I had written that book under every disadvantage, discouragement, and difficulty, instead of with every thing to cheer [illegible] in its receipt my best and happiest reward. (Cheers.) I answered him and he answered me. (Laughter,) and so we kept on shaking hands autographically, (Laughter,) as if there were no ocean between us, (Laughter,) until I came here on Saturday night, longing and eager to see him.—(Cheers.) And here he sits, (said Dickens, with all the velocity and volubility of a young "going, going, gone," and slapping Washington Irving on the back, with most extraordinary Sam Wellerish gusto, amidst most terrific laughter and cheering.) And I needn't tell you that it was the crowning circumstance to me of this night, that he is here in this capacity. (Great cheering.) Washington Irving! Why, gentleman, I don't go up stairs to bed two nights out of seven, as I have a creditable witness very near at hand to prove (Here Boz gave a funny Sam Weller sort of a side look out of one eye half round at his wife who sat behind Bryant and laughed; she blushed, hid her face in her handkerchief and laughed; Miss Sedgwick, who sat next her, laughed most immoderately—the Mayor laughed intolerably—altogether too much for a Mayor—Judges Betts, Jones, and Tallmadge laughed heartily. The parson laughed, and all laughed like true Pickwickians.) I say, gentleman, I do not go to bed two nights out of seven without taking Washington Irving under my arm up stairs to bed with me. (Here the laughter was nearly loud enough to wake the dead in the adjoining church yard of Old Trinity) and when I don't take him, I take his next of kin—his own brother—Oliver Goldsmith. (Cheers.) Washington Irving! And who but he was in my thoughts the other day as I approached your noble city, and when I was looking out for the Hog's back, the Frying pan, and Hell's gate, and all those terrible places of renown, that were a terror to Dutch navigators. (Laughter and cheers) Washington Irving! Why, when I was in the birth-place of Shakespeare a few years ago, whose name but his was first shown to me? Diedrich Knickerbocker, and Geoffrey Crayon! Why, where can we go that they are not before us. In the English farm-house, in the peaceful village, in the crowded city, along the beautiful lanes, across the pleasant fields of England, and amidst her blessed happy homes, his name above every name rise up rich with hallowed recollections of his virtues and talents, and like his memory will continue to be hallowed in those bright and innocent sanctuaries, until the last tick of the clock of Time. (Tremendous cheering.) If we go into the country, are there no Bracebridge Halls in existence? If we visit the crowded city, has Little Britain never had a chronicler? Is there no Boar's Head in Eastcheap? Why, gentlemen, when Mr. Crayon left England, he left sitting in the small back parlour of a certain public house near that very Boar's Head, a man of infinite wisdom, with a red nose, and an oiled skin hat, who was sitting there when I came away. Yes, gentlemen, it was the same man—not a man that was very like him—but the self same man—*his nose in its immortal redness, and his hat in an undying glaze!* (Boz said this with such inimitable naivete and humor, that the whole company, ladies and all, including Washington Irving, were literally convulsed with laughter.) Why, Mr. Crayon was also on terms of intimacy, in a certain village near that same Bracebridge Hall, with a certain radical fellow, who went very much out at elbow, with his hat stuffed full of old newspapers. Why, gentlemen, I know the man. (Laughter.) He's there to this very hour, with the newspapers in his hat, very much to the dissatisfaction of Mr. Tibbits the elder. (Great laughter.) Gentlemen, leaving the town and *rustic life of London* and forgetting for a moment if any body can, the Pride of the Village," and the "Broken Heart," let us cross the waters again; and ask who has associated himself most with the Italian Post House, and the Bandits of the Pyrennees? When the traveller is lighted to his chamber, along dark echoing, and spacious corridors, very gloomy and very cold,—when he has sat down by the fire to watch the gradual change of his room from misery to comfort, and has drawn his curtains, such as they are, moth eaten and mouldy, over his window—think of all the ghost stories that he has ever read or been told, until the thick coming fancies crowd around and in upon his brain—who is it that he thinks of at such a time? Why, Washington Irving. (Cheers.) Go further away still, to the Moorish fountain, sparkling in the full moonlight, with a few water carriers and village gossips, lingering about it still for its refreshing coolness, and the voices of others going to the village dying away in the distance like bees. Who, at such an hour takes his silent stand beside the traveller, and points with his magic wand to the walls of the Alhambra? Who awakens in every cave, the echoing music, the tread of many twinkling feet, the sweet sound of cymbals, the rattling clang of armour, the tramp of mailed men, and bids all those Moors who for centuries have slept a dreamless sleep, within the earth, and watched unwinkingly for the buried treasure—who bids them start up—and walk in grim array before his eyes? (Loud Cheers.) Or leaving this, who leaps with Columbus into his gallant ship—who stands beside him on the main—and waves the flag of Spain. (Loud Cheers.) Who but this same man? And who again, to come to your own coast, is fit company for the buccaneers, and the money-diggers? Or who fit to accompany Rip Van Winkle in his fearful journey to the mountain, where the uncouth men did play at nine-pins on that thundery afternoon? (Roars of laughter.) What pen but his could call such spirits from the vast deep—make them come, too, at his call—peopling those Catskill mountains, until they seem as much a part of them as any crag that frowned, or torrent that ever darted headlong from their heights? (Cheers.) But, gentleman, this is a most dangerous theme for me, for I have been acquainted with these people, I am sorry to say, from my boyhood; and my glass-slipper is on me still. I will conclude, then, by giving a sentiment—most appropriate in the presence of such a company as Bryant and Halleck—ladies, I suppose, I mustn't mention—I will give you—

"The Literature of America—she well knows how to honor her own literature, and to do honor to that of other lands, when she chooses Washington Irving as her Representative in the Country of Cervantes!"

There were several other speeches made by different individuals, one very humorous one by John Duer. This closes the round of public hospitalities which Boz will receive, since, if we understand his remarks, he will decline all further dinners, balls, &c. We like him all the better for this. He has come here to see the people, and it is only in the highways and byways, and not in gilded theatres or dining halls that he will see the people.

Manufactures in the U. States.

The recent census has produced a number of statistical facts, most of which Mr. Hazard has reduced into tables. We have often had occasion to avail ourselves of his labors. In the following table the reader may see, at a glance, the value of the various manufactures of the Union—as the results apply to the whole nation, and have been compiled from official documents:

VALUE OF MANUFACTURED GOODS.

Machinery made,	$10,980,581
Hardware and cutlery,	6,451,967
Precious metals,	4,734,960
Various do.	9,779,442
Granite, stone, marble, &c.	2,442,950
Bricks and lime,	9,736,945
Woollen goods,	20,696,999
Cotton do.	46,350,453
Silk do.	119,814
Flaxen goods,	322,205
Mixed manufactures,	6,545,503
Tobacco do.	5,819,568
Hats and caps,	8,704,342
Straw bonnets,	1,476,505
Leather and saddlery,	33,134,403
Drugs, medicines, paints and dyes,	4,151,899
Turpentine and varnish,	660,827
Glass and looking-glasses,	2,890,293
Earthenware,	1,104,825
Sugar refined,	3,250,700
Chocolate,	79,900
Confectionary,	1,143,965
Paper,	5,641,495
All other of paper, playing cards, &c.	511,597
Cordage,	4,078,306
Musical instruments,	923,924
Carriages and wagons,	10,897,887
Products of flouring, grist and saw mills,	76,545,246
Ships,	7,016,094
Furniture,	7,555,405
Houses,	41,917,401
All other manufactures not enumerated	34,785,353
	$370,451,754

Some few items, such as soap and candles, liquors, powder—have no value attached to them, unless they are included "in all other manufactures."

Philadelphia, Baltimore and Wilmington Rail Road.

The fourth annual report was made at a stockholders meeting on the 10th ult. The company appears to be in a good condition, the assets being estimated at $5,925,220; the liabilities at $3,082,640, in addition to the capital stock, amounting to $2,818,350, which gives a surplus of rising $24,000. The receipts of the road last year amounted to $603,868; the expenses to $307,938. In the expenses is to be included a large outlay for permanent works. In order to meet the loans now maturing without submitting to any sacrifice during the present deranged state of monetary affairs, and to place the loan-holder in a safe and secure position, the Board have determined to set aside, semi-annually, a portion of the receipts as a sinking fund, which will be pledged as additional security to the loan-holder, and tend to a speedy liquidation of the debts of the company. The road is pronounced to be in first rate order, the officers energetic and accommodating, and the whole management of a superior order.

The Elopement Case.

The New York Commercial says:—"We are happy to learn from authentic sources, that Capt. Wyndham Schinley, who was recently clandestinely married, with the co-operation of a son of the mistress of a *fashionable* boarding school at New Brighton, to Miss Croghan, the niece of Colonel Croghan and General Jesup, of the army, will be defeated in his principal object.

We are informed that for ten years to come the present Mrs. Schinley can have no control over the large estates devised to her by her grandfather, the late General O'Hara, of Pittsburg, but is entitled by his will to an allowance of only one thousand dollars per annum, and farther, that the consent of her father to her marriage is necessary before the property vests in the young lady at all. We shall be extremely happy if other individuals implicated by rumor in this [illegible] clear themselves from the charge of connivance or participation in proceedings which excited so general a feeling of indignation in this community.

Lunatic Asylum.

The report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Asylum, of New York, has just been made to the Legislature. The whole number of insane and idiots is 2,340, or one to each 1,038 persons; the ratio according to the population being greater than in any of the States of Arkansas, Michigan, Wisconsin, with District of Columbia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana; there being in the latter State but one to 3,524 inhabitants, in these States, however, the proportion is two whites to one colored. The greater proportion, in respect to population, is in Rhode Island, being one to every 403. Taking the union together, one to 979.

The per centage of recoveries in the Bloomingdale asylum, in 1821, was males 21½; females 6¼. In 1840, males 55, females 50. Showing, conclusively, the superiority of the present modes of treatment to those adopted formerly.

Statistics.

In Pennsylvania there are 30 powder mills, manufacturing about 1,200,000 lbs. annually. Drugs and medicines to an amount exceeding $2,000,000 are manufactured. There are 25 glass works, 182 potteries, 20 sugar refineries, 87 paper manufactories, employing about 800 men, 39 rope walks, 736 flouring mills, 2254 grist mills, 5859 saw mills, 118 oil mills, 346 fulling mills, 235 woollen factories, 106 cotton factories, 950 people employed in raising tobacco, 1170 tanneries, 1010 distilleries, 87 breweries, 16,328 gallons of wine made, 213 furnaces, 365,127 horses, 1,767,065 neat cattle, 1,767,620 sheep, 1,503,964, swine, 11,523 men engaged in mining operations, 13,213,077 bushels wheat, 100,000 bushels more than is raised in New York.

Losses at Sea.

The number of vessels known to be lost during the fourteen months ending December, 1841. They are as follows: Ships 68, barques 47, brigs 130, schooners 246, sloops 21, steamboats 5, unknown 40. Of this number 94 were English vessels. In addition to this list 29 missing vessels have been reported, which, it is feared, have gone down with all on board. The number of lives ascertained to have been lost is 650. Nearly all these have been wrecked on the coast of the United States. It has been ascertained from an average of many years, that the number of merchantmen wrecked annually on the coast of England, amounts to upwards of five hundred; and the value of property lost is three millions sterling.

A Church Flooded.

The New York Express says: "A cry of fire was raised on Friday night week on the North River side, when the very ready firemen proceeded with their engines in all possible haste. Some mischievous bystanders directed them to a church where were assembled a large congregation of our colored population in the act of divine worship. The church being well illuminated tended to confirm the statement, and without stopping to make further inquiry, the unconscious firemen directed the hose pipe to the windows, and before the mistake was discovered, the worshippers were drowned out, and the church half filled with water."

War Against the Gamblers.

The Grand Jury of Richmond, Virginia, who some time ago made a demonstration against the gamblers who infest that city, seem determined to follow up the fight and rid the place of the whole crew. It has recently presented a host of persons, including members of the Legislature, citizens and gamblers by occupation. The feeling in the community sanctions the action of the Grand Jury, and the moral leprosy will soon yield before the irresistible force of a correct public opinion. The Star says the number of presentments on Friday was *two hundred and sixty*.

Capital Punishment.

A Bill has passed the General Assembly of Tennessee authorising the Governor to commute capital punishment to imprisonment for life in the penitentiary. This is virtually, unless in extraordinary cases, abolishing the punishment of death.

Ploughing in February.

The Rochester, N. Y. papers remark that the farmers are ploughing in that region. The farmers were at it nearly a month since in Jersey.

Columbia Rail Road.

From the report of the Superintendant of motive power on this road, made to the Board of Canal Commissioners, we gather the following information. The report comprises the operations from the 1st December, 1840, to the 30th November, 1841, inclusive. The receipts for the motive power were not so great as was expected, which is accounted for by the usual length of time the Ohio river was so low as not to be navigable, which caused the shipment of large quantities of goods to the West via New Orleans, and the New York and Erie Canal. Yet in spite of this, the earnings were more than the expenses, leaving a favorable balance of $22,235,43. The estimate of cost of maintaining the motive power for the fiscal year commencing 1st December, 1841, is $164,120,00. The number of locomotives on the road is 42; reported as being in good order, 29; in ordinary and being repaired 14.

Late from Havana.

Papers from Havana to the 3d inst. have been received at New Orleans. No later news from Europe, or from the Gulf countries. There had been two important arrivals, which caused no little sensation in the emporium of Cuba, viz:—President Bustamente, in his second exile from Mexico, and Fanny Elssler, from Philadelphia. Six of the British mail steamers were in port. The Solway was soon to leave for the Balize. The first of these ships, the Forth, touched at the Balize on the 5th, delivered her mail bags, and proceeded on her voyage.

Contingent Expenses.

The contingent expenses of the U. S. Treasury Department are comparatively enormous. The Secretary of the Treasury recently sent a report to Congress, giving a detailed account of these expenses from October 1, 1840, to Sept. 30, 1841. The aggregate amount is $60,734 36. The items embrace ice, brooms, towels, newspapers, postage, twine and such small matters; and the pamphlet containing the Report occupies 27 pages. It appears to us very absurd, in calling for the details of such information. The cost of printing must have been considerable.

Shocking.

A circumstance which excited a good deal of horror, occurred at Jefferson, Missouri, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Burr, the wife of Mr. Dedimus B. Burr, a blacksmith, died after an illness of some days. Preparations were made for her burial; but causes for suspicion that she had been poisoned by her husband, having come to light, her body was opened, and a considerable quantity of pounded glass was found in the stomach. Burr was immediately arrested, and examined before Justice Kerr and Harrison; evidence was obtained for his full commitment.

Human Sacrifices in India.

At a meeting of the Asiatic Society, a paper was read, relating to the advance of the British into the Ghaut country. It appears that in the Orissa, the people were in the habit of propitiating the earth-god, with considerable human sacrifices, and, in a valley not two miles in length, the bodies of seven victims were found. Children are preferred for the sacrifice, and slaughtered by the priest or patriarch of the village, who cleave their skulls with an axe.

Repudiation in Louisiana.

The General Assembly of Louisiana declare that they hold the pledged faith of that State sacred and inviolate; and that they regard a repudiation of State obligations as unconstitutional and unjust, as repugnant to every principal of honor and common honesty, and as having a direct tendency to deprave private integrity, and to corrupt the morals of the people. Passed with but one dissenting voice.

Forger Arrested.

A son of John C. Spencer, Secretary of War, has been arrested at Albany, N. Y. for forgery.

New Publications.

The Lady's World of Fashion *for March*, 1842.—This periodical for March is already issued, and is the richest number which the proprietor has yet published. The embellishments are a magnificent *mezzotinto* on steel, from the burin of J. Sartain, Esq., entitled the "Gipsy Girl," and a colored plate of spring fashions, containing six spring costumes, among which are a morning dress, an opera dress, and an evening dress of the very latest style.

The original papers of this month are from a variety of well known pens. One of the tales is to be found on our first page. Miss Ashton has another of her popular stories, entitled "The Wife's Counsel." Mrs. Spencer concludes her tale, "The Lady Beatrice." We notice an article on Longfellow's Poems, and poetry by Mr. William Wallace, author of Jerusalem, Star Lyra, and by others favorably known to fame.

We have not space this week for the unusually kind notices of the press.

Quain's Anatomical Plates: with References and Physiological Comments—*Edited by J. Pancoast, M. D.—Carey and Hart.*—A specimen number of this superb work has been laid on our table. The work will contain upwards of two hundred large plates, illustrating the anatomy of the human frame, accompanied by extensive comments and references—the letter press to be from the pen of Dr. Pancoast, a gentleman whose qualifications for the task are of the first order. The work will be in a quarto form, and can be had for the comparatively low price of fifteen dollars. Persons remitting seventy-five dollars will be entitled to a sixth copy gratis. To the profession especially the work must prove invaluable.

A Translation of Jacob's Greek Reader—*By Patrick S. Casserly—1 vol.—W. E. Dean, New York.*—This is an excellent translation of a very excellent book,—intended for the use of schools, academies, colleges, and private learners. This book has copious notes, critical and explanatory,—besides being illustrated with numerous parallel passages and apposite quotations from the Greek, Latin, French, English, Spanish and Italian languages. It has also a complete parsing index, elucidated by references to the most popular Greek grammars extant. We recommend the work as a valuable one. We are not informed where the work may be had in this city, but we suppose *it is* to be found in our principal bookstores.

The Musical Miscellany—No. 4.—*Burns & Co.*—We should have noticed this number last week, but it is never too late to speak of a good thing. The contents of the Musical Miscellany are always excellent, and in the present case particularly so. We have, for instance, the ballad, "Kind, Kind and Gentle is She"—the "Sailor's Gallopade"—Fondest Affections still cling to Home," and "Take me back to Switzerland." All this for twelve and a half cents. The sheets of the Miscellany, moreover, are bound in loose, so that they can be taken out and laid on the piano like engraved music. Who would be without the Miscellany?

Our Mess—*Nos. 3 and 4—with illustrations—Carey & Hart.*—We need say nothing of the matter of these numbers, for the name of "O'Malley" is a sufficient guarantee on that score; and those who doubt it, can easily become converts by perusing the chapters on our last page. But a word on the illustrations! They are excellent, especially the packet, the landing, and Mr. and Mrs. Rooney. Cross Corney is too much of a satire—there being everything exaggerated, and nothing natural about him. But the other illustrations are alone worth the price of the two numbers.

Lady's Musical Library—*March*, 1842.—The third number of this elegant periodical contains no less than eleven pieces of music—the cost of each piece being thus about two cents and a quarter. These pieces are the most popular airs, waltzes, marches, &c., of the day. Among them are an original gallopade—two original songs—and an original quadrille. Then we have the Highland Minstrel Boy with variations, the "Blarney" one of Lover's inimitable ballads, Baron Munchausen's March, and the "Separation" by Bellini, to words of Lord Byron. What more could be desired?

The Commissioner, or De Lunatico Inquirendo—*Nos. 3 and 4—with illustrations—Carey & Hart.*—The character of the Commissioner, in this work, is one of the most eccentric with which we have ever met. The author holds a graphic pen, and some of the scenes he describes, are drawn with great power. There is a deal of satire in the work. We recommend it as an interesting book for after-dinner recreation. The illustrations are by Phiz, and that is saying everything in their favor.

Poems—by Algernon—1 *vol.—Henry Perkins, Philadelphia.*—This is the title of a very beautiful little volume, containing several poems, written in a chaste, elegant and scholarly style. We have no means of ascertaining who the author is, but we shall set him down for a man of education and refinement. No one else could have been the author of these poems.

Lady's Cabinet Magazine—*February*, 1842.—We are indebted for this work to Mr. J. H. Chappell, 65 South Third street. The work is well got up, and contains excellent articles. One of these entitled, "A Romance of History" we copied a few weeks since.

The Musical Cabinet—*Part VIII.*—The contents of this number are varied; consisting of literary articles, and vocal and instrumental music. *Drew & Scammell, agents.*

The City.

☞ In Common Council on Thursday night, an ordinance was adopted, which makes the following appropriations:

Watering Committee	$82,200 11
Committee on Finance	200,000 00
Committee on Police	120,054 18
Committee on Public Highways	78,967 82
Committee on Cleaning the City	10,770 60
Committee on City Property	25,040 79
Committee on Legacies and Trusts	8,690 15
Trustees of the Ice Boat	4,500 00
Sinking Fund	48,000 00
Total	$528,223 65

The ordinance ordains that for supplying the above appropriations, in addition to the sums set apart by existing ordinances, the City Commissioners are authorized forthwith to levy on the estates, real and personal, within the city of Philadelphia, a tax of thirty-two cents in the hundred dollars, on the assessed value thereof, according to the last county assessment, and also to levy upon the freemen of the city a personal tax of six thousand dollars; which taxes, so levied, and the sums appropriated by existing ordinances, are to be applied towards supplying the appropriations named.

The ordinance also enacts that no draft of money for police purposes, from the unexpended balance of the income of the Residuary portion of the Girard estates, shall be made during the year 1842; and any ordinance directing such an appropriation is suspended during the year 1842.

☞ A man by the name of Samuel Parsells, employed in driving burthen cars on the Willow street Railroad, was killed accidentally on Tuesday. While driving towards the city, one of his horses became frightened at the escape of steam from a locomotive, and in attempting to manage him, his foot slipped and he fell and the cars passed over him, the wheels cutting his back and breast so horribly that he expired in a few moments.—He was a steady man and has left a large family, residing in Noble street, below Third, in the Northern Liberties.

☞ The 22d was celebrated in this city with great spirit. The day was a delightful one. Several of our Volunteer Companies paraded, and the Washingtonians had more than one procession. An oration was delivered before the National Repeal Association, by Ovid F. Johnson. The friends of Tyler had a dinner, at which B. W. Richards, Esq. presided. In the evening, there was a ball at the Musical Fund Hall, at the Adelphi, at the Masonic Hall, and at other places.

☞ A requisition having been made by citizens of North Mulberry Ward upon the Constable of the Ward to hold a meeting, on Wednesday evening last, for the purpose of changing the place of holding Ward Elections, it was decided by a vote of 311 to 56 in favor of the Bricklayer's Hall, in preference to a public house where *spirituous liquors are sold*.

☞ Money matters are very tight here. The Banks discount comparatively nothing. Several heavy houses have already stopped, especially among the wholesale grocers and commission merchants. Most of those who have stopped are wealthy men, but as it is impossible to collect their assets, they are driven to stop payment.

☞ A Committee appointed by the Common Council have made a report, recommending that measures be taken to have the question of the right of the city to open the Girard College in the present state of the Buildings, decided by a competent legal tribunal. The [illegible] was yet been acted upon.

☞ Messrs. Chandley & Whelan have issued proposals for a specie bank. Their plan is to give specie checks after the manner of the Hamburg Bank. This is only a new way, it seems to us, of issuing their own notes.

☞ A large portion of the roof of the Museum, and of a dwelling in Walnut below Fifth street, were partially blown off during the prevelence of the high wind of Friday night and Saturday morning.

☞ The Legislative Committee are now in the city to examine into the present condition of the Girard Fund, and the manner in which the money has been applied.

☞ Mr. Tyson's lecture before the Historical Society, on Monday evening, threw much light on our colonial history. The address was a very able one.

☞ The nomination of Judge Bradford, for the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, has been rejected by a majority of five votes.

☞ The National Government has not yet purchased the United States Bank building for a Custom House. It ought to be done.

☞ Boz has declined several invitations to a public dinner in Philadelphia. Our citizens will like him all the better for this.

☞ Dr. Lardner, has rented the Chesnut street Theatre, in which he proposes to deliver his course of Lectures.

☞ No provision has yet been made for the redemption of the notes of the Pennsylvania and Girard Banks.

☞ Mr. Magennis gave several fine recitations at the Musical Fund Hall, on Monday evening.

☞ Many mercantile houses of this city are opening accounts in New York Banks.

☞ Mr. Dempster, gave a delightful concert on Thursday evening.

☞ Burglars and Robbers still infest our city.

☞ Mr. Jaudon, has been discharged.

A Munificent Donation.

In the Common Council of Salem, (Mass.) on Monday last, a communication was received from the Mayor, the Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, informing the Council that he had paid into the hands of the City Treasurer the sum of twenty-four hundred dollars, which he desired might be appropriated by them for the use of the Schools, to be expended under the direction of the School Committee.

Brutal.

On Sunday, an Irishman residing in New York, named Robert Moffatt, in a fit of rage, knocked his wife down and stamped with his heavy shoes upon her face, breaking her nose and otherwise seriously injuring her. A woman who interfered, was struck by him with an axe, the blow breaking her arm and thumb of the left hand. No punishment can be too severe for such a scoundrel.

Toleration.

According to an act of the legislature, the religious belief of a man shall in no case affect his competency as a witness in any court of justice in Michigan. The Constitution of the U. States fifty years ago granted to every citizen the right to the free exercise of his religious belief, and exonerates him from disabilities of any kind on that account.

Reduction of Duties.

The Dover Inquirer states that in consequence of the additional reduction of duties, the hands employed in the calico printing in that place, 200 in number, many of them with large families, have been notified that the works will shortly be suspended. It is stated that similar notices have been given in Taunton and Lowell.

Exploring Expedition.

The United States ship Vincennes was at St. Francisco, Upper California, on the 31st of October, with the Porpoise, Flying Fish, and brig Oregon. They were to sail the next day for the United States, via. Manilla, Singapore, and Cape of Good Hope. The squadron will probably arrive home in June next.

Outrageous Villainy.

On Friday night a church in Baltimore was broken into, and the contents of the "poor box" abstracted and walked away with. The man who could thus rob the poor, of anticipated enjoyment to be derived from the liberal contributions of the rich, deserves the most severe punishment.

The Steamers.

The Navy Department has submitted a statement of the cost of the two American Steamers, recently built. The total cost of the Mississippi is set down at $519,092 67; and the total cost of the Missouri at $553,856 32.—Other expenditures to a small amount are to be added.

Naval.

There was at Rio Janeiro, on the 3d. of December, the United States ships Delaware, Captain Clewley, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Morris; Potomac, Captain Stover; Marion, Commander Belt; Concord, Commodore Boerum; and Decatur, Commodore Ogden.

Accident on board the Steamer Missouri.

An apprentice boy, about nineteen years of age, named Thomas Lilly, fell from the foretop of the forward mast of this vessel on Monday afternoon about 3 o'clock, and his head striking upon one of the Paixhan guns upon deck, he was instantaneously killed.

A Trophy.

An English paper says that the tail of a luckless Chinese, killed in one of the late actions, has been sent to England. It is above a yard in length, and as black as ebony, having evidently belonged to a young man,

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

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Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

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Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

The Exchequer Bill.

Amendatory of the several acts establishing the Treasury Department.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That there shall be, and hereby is, created and established in the Treasury Department, at the seat of Government of the United States, a board to be called the Exchequer of the United States, to be composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, for the time being, and the Treasurer of the United States for the time being, and one Commissioner, to be appointed by the President of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate; the said Commissioners to be appointed for four years, and neither he nor the Treasurer of the United States shall be removed from office, except for physical disability, incompetency, ...

[illegible]

imprisonment for a term not less than one year, nor ... seven years, and to a fine equal to the amount of the ... tificate so given, or of the bill or draft so issued or ... to the amount of the responsibility so created or ...

Sec. 20. And be it further enacted, That if any p... falsely make, forge, or counterfeit, or cause, or pro... falsely made, forged or counterfeited, or willingly aid ... in falsely making, forging or counterfeiting, any ... imitation of, or purporting to be, a certificate of depo... said, or shall falsely alter, or cause or procure to be ... tered, or willingly aid to assist in falsely altering ... cate of deposite issued as aforesaid, or shall pass, utt... lish, or attempt to pass, utter, or publish as true, ... altered certificate of deposite issued aforesaid, kn... same to be falsely altered, every such person shall ... and adjudged guilty of felony, and being thereof con... due course of law, shall be sentenced to be imprison... to hard labor for a period not less than one year, nor ... five years, and be fined in a sum not exceeding five ... dollars.

Sec. 21. And be it further enacted, That, if any p... make or engrave, or cause or procure to be made or ... or shall have in his possession, or custody, any met... from which any certificate or certificates issued as ... shall have been printed, with intent to use such ... cause or suffer the same to be used in forging or coun... any of the certificates issued as aforesaid, or shall h... custody and possession any blank certificate or certi... graved and printed after the similitude of any certific... aforesaid, with intent to use such blanks, or cause ... same to be used in forging or counterfeiting any of ... cates issued as aforesaid, or shall have in his custo... session any paper adapted to the making of certifica... to the paper upon which any such certificates shall ... issued, with intent to use such paper, or cause or ... same to be used in forging or counterfeiting any of ... cates as issued aforesaid; every such person being th... victed, by due course of law, shall be sentenced to be ... ed, and kept to hard labor for a term not less than ... more than seven years, and fined in a sum not exce... thousand dollars.

Congressional News.

Washington, Feb. ...

SENATE.—The morning business commenced w... ception of Reports from the Departments.

Mr. Sturgeon presented memorials from Huntingdo... Penn., in relation to the Tariff, and asking for an in...

Mr. Walker offered a resolution calling for additi... mation in relation to the Creole, from the President ... lution lies over for one day.

Bankrupt Law.—Mr. Benton offered a resolution ...

[illegible]

Legislative News.

[illegible]

Foreign News.

Five days Later from Europe.

By the *Burgundy*, at New York, from Havre, papers have been received from London to the 5th inst. and from Paris to the 7th inst. They contain, however, but little news. The India mail arrived at Paris on the 6th, with no later news from China than has been received here.

England.

Thomas Carlyle has declined becoming a candidate for the chair of history, now vacant in the University of Edinburg. A great meeting is to be held at Bath, on the 6th of January, of the clothiers of Wilts, Somerset and Gloucester, to take the Corn Laws into consideration.

The Conway, from China, entered the sound on the 26th of December. Her destination was Portsmouth. She had on board two millions of dollars, and some invalids from the squadron in the China seas. She was at the Cape of Good Hope, on the 1st of October. Of course, she brought no intelligence which had not previously reached this country.

France.

On the 3d of January, the members of the Chambers of Deputies assembled for the purpose of electing the Committee to draw up the Address in answer to the speech from the Throne. On this occasion there was a discussion on the foreign and domestic policy of the government. The ministry were attacked for the convention of July, for its policy as regards Spain, for the reduction of the navy, and several members, in passing in review the acts of the government, bestowed on them unqualified censure. Mr. L. Herbette spoke with great animation against the attacks upon the press, and blamed, with much severity, the recognition of the right of maritime search, demanded by the British government.

M. Sauzel has taken possession of his official residence in the Palais Bourbon, as President of the Chamber of Deputies.

[illegible]

Spain.

[illegible]

Russia.

[illegible]

The East.

[illegible]

India.

[illegible]

Three Days Later.

[illegible]

POSTSCRIPT.

☞ The Bank Bill has passed a final reading in the Senate, after two or three amendments.

A new section was added, on motion of Mr. Darsie, to the effect that no medium shall be received for tolls, taxes, and other revenue for the Commonwealth, except gold or silver, the notes of specie paying Banks, and the legal issues under the act of the 4th of May, 1841.

Another was adopted, on motion of Mr. Spackman, authorizing the Stockholders to direct the Directors to make assignments, when a majority of said Stockholders do so consent.

One or two unimportant amendments were made to the said section.

The following is the vote on the final passage for immediate resumption.

Yeas—Messrs. Bigler, Brower, Coplan, Crispin, Darsie, Dimock, Ewing, Fegely, Fleming, Gibons, Gorgas, Headley, Kidder, Maclay, Mathers, McCully, McLanahan, Penniman, Plumer, Smith—20.

Nays—Messrs. Brooke, Cochran, Farrelly, Gratz, Hiester, Huddleson, Kline, Spackman, Stewart, Sullivan, Strohm, speaker—11.

Honesty requires that some provision should be made for the Relief notes.

General News.

The Charlestown Convent.—There is a probability that the Legislature of Massachusetts will at last do justice, and remunerate the Trustees of the Convent for the loss of property occasioned by the destruction of that building, by a mob, some six or eight years ago. The Committee is about to present an elaborate report ...

[illegible]

Financial Record.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending

[illegible]

New Counterfeits.

[illegible]

Judge Upshur and Mr. Botts.

[illegible]

Retail Prices in Market.

[illegible]

Philadelphia Market.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

26 Saturday,	6 29	5 31	3 4		
27 Sunday,	6 28	5 32	3 53		D H M
28 Monday,	6 27	5 33	4 44		
1 Tuesday,	6 25	5 35	5 36		
2 Wednesday,	6 24	5 36	6 31	Last	3 8 10
3 Thursday,	6 23	5 37	7 25	New	12 1 18
4 Friday,	6 21	5 39	8 19	First	19 5 33
5 Saturday,	6 20	5 40	9 12	Full	26 8 50

Married.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph Jeffries, of Chester county, to Miss Rebecca M. Worrell, of Delaware county.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. William H. Odenheimer, John Moss, Jr. to Emily, daughter of the late Henry Nixon, Esq.

In this city, on the 19th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Neville, Mr. John A. Fry, to Miss Elizabeth Owen, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 17th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Edward Vanderslice, to Clementine E. daughter of the late P. Shulze, all of this city.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. David Bigler, John W. Simes, Jr. to Matilda Pemberton, daughter of Alderman John Binns.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Mr. McDowell, Mr. W. Mitchell, to Miss Louisa Clark, all of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Cyrus Jackson, of Chester county, to Miss Anna Lukkin, of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Neville, M. Edwin Wattson, to Miss Caroline M. daughter of the late J. Howe, all of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Robert D. Morris, Thomas L. Smith, to Abigail A. daughter of the late John Harman, Esq. of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Benjamin D. Godfrey, of N. York, to Miss Anna Eliza Roberts, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. T. O. Lincoln, J. Hutchinson Kay, to Margaret G. daughter of the late Samuel W. Keen, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Thos. H. Stockton, Geo. W. Sentman, to Miss Mary T. Millick, both of Spring Garden.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. F. R. Anspach, J. F. Jacoby, to Miss Charlotte Ewall, niece of Mrs. E. Dorney, all of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, Lewis P. Cassan, to Deborah S. Rowland, all of Southwark.

On Thursday, the 27th ult. by the Rev. Charles B. Keys, Mr. Charles George, to Miss Amelia B. daughter of Mr. Edward Pugh, all of Radnor, Del. county.

On Saturday evening, 19th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Brainard, John Dickson, to Elizabeth, daughter of Robt. Coburn, all of this city.

At Friends' Meeting House, Moorestown, N. J. on 5th day, 17th inst. Robert F. Roberts, to Ruth Ann Hunt, daughter of Caleb Hunt, deceased.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. E. Miller, Robert McFarland, to Mary McCarter.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, William Getz, to Mrs. Rebecca Morgan, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 31st of Oct. 1841, by the Rev. Pennell Coombe, Mr. Ward Morgan, of Southwark, to Miss Ann B. Sloan, of New Jersey.

On 5th-day, 17th of 2d month, at Friends' Meeting, Byberry, Philadelphia county, Isaac Eyre, Jr. of Middletown, Bucks county, to Elizabeth, daughter of Caleb Knight, of the former place.

On the 25th of July, 1841, by the Rev. T. D. Cook, Mr. ...

[illegible]

Died.

[illegible]

OBITUARY.

[illegible]

Health Office, Feb. 19, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.

From the 12th to the 19th of February.

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Apoplexy,	1	0	Brought over,	49	36
Cancerum Oris,	1	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	2
Croup,	0	3	——Bronchi,	1	1
Congestion of Brain,	1	0	——Lungs,	3	2
Cholera,	1	0	——Stomach,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	27	4	——Bowels,	0	1
Convulsions,	2	7	——Larynx,	1	1
——Puerperal,	1	0	——Breast,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	1	Inflammation of the Peritoneum,	0	1
——Head,	0	5	Intemperance,	1	0
——Breast,	2	0	Marasmus,	1	1
Disease of Brain,	1	1	Morbus Cerebus,	0	1
——Heart,	1	1	Old Age,	2	0
——Lungs,	0	1	Palsy,	1	1
——Kidney,	1	0	Rheumatism,	1	0
Drowned,	2	0	Scrofula,	1	1
Debility,	0	2	Softening of Brain,	1	0
Epilepsy,	1	0	Small Pox,	1	4
Erysipelas,	1	0	Still Born,	0	12
Effusion of Brain,	1	1	Suicide,	1	0
Fever, Catarrhal,	0	2	Spina Bifida,	0	1
——Intermittent,	1	0	Unknown,	4	0
——Remittent,	0	1	Whooping Cough,	0	1
——Puerperal,	2	0			
——Scarlet,	1	0	Total, 137—	70	67
Carried over,	49	36			

Of the above there were 7 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 12 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 13,	33	40	42
14,	45	50	45
15,	25	30	35
16,	40	43	44
17,	19	22	26
18,	25	36	43
19,	32	40	45

THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION.

[illegible]

PAIN OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, whether of gout, rheumatism, headache, toothache, or any other kind of ache, is in all cases caused by impure humors of the blood which have lodged upon the parts, and which nothing save vegetable purging, (purifying) can remove, because by no other means can said impurity be driven from the body.

WRIGHT'S

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Have no superior, if indeed they have an equal, in removing every description of pain; because they carry off by the stomach and bowels, all morbid and corrupt humors, (the cause of disease,) in so easy and natural a manner, that the body is actually restored to health as if by magic.

Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken once in twenty-four hours, on going to bed, will in a short time not only drive pain or distress of every kind from the system, and restore the body to a state of sound health, but the blood and other fluids will be so completely purified, that new life and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

"Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills"

Are for sale at the OFFICES,

No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

No. 288 Greenwich street, New York;

No. 198 Tremont street, Boston;

☞ Beware of counterfeits.

Purchase only of the above named offices, or of the following respectable merchants, who have been appointed agents for the sale of the above named Pills in

LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.

John Zimmerman,	Lancaster
J M Sparren & Co	Fairfield
Lewis Haines,	Quarryville
Benjamin Brennan,	Martindomore Township
Benjamin Dunn,	Strasburg
H & N E Slaymaker,	Williamstown
A H Whitmer,	Paradise
John Gross P M	Ephrata
Jacob & Samuel Miller,	Brickersville
Deshong & Clauser,	Hinkletown
Jacob Hart,	Beartown
Davies Wallace,	Earl Township
Frederick G Lennert,	Lititz
Peter Good,	Earl Township
A L & I Baxter,	New Holland
S M Kermer,	Churchtown
Wm Buchanan,	Cambridge
Thomas Ibbs,	Intercourse and Hatville
J & H Brown,	Bird in Hand
John B Brubaker,	Petersburg
John S Dellinger,	Marietta
Wm S Campbell,	Maytown
Benj Hammond,	Hammondsville
Joshua Warwick,	Columbia
John Posey,	Chestnut Level
John Shaffer,	Manheim
James B Patton,	Mount Joy

[illegible]

OUR MESS.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER V.

THE RETURN TO THE PRAETY.

Winding along the quays, we crossed on old and dilapidated bridge; and after traversing many narrow and poisonous-smelling streets, we entered the Park, and at length reached the Pillnox Arms.

The carriages were known by sight to me; I saw their horses were ordered up, and staff-officers galloped right and left to communicate the orders for the march to their corps.

As the duke descended from his carriage, he caught my eye, and, turning suddenly towards the *duchesse*, said, "Let me present Mr. Hinton to your grace."

While I was making my bows and acknowledgments, his grace put his hand upon my arm—

"You know Lady Killmore, Hinton—never mind, it's of no consequence—you see her carriage trouble; they have made some blunder in the road, and the dragoons, it seems, won't let them pass. Just canter down and rescue them.

"Do, pray, Mr. Hinton," added the duchess. "Poor Lady Killmore is so very nervous, she'll be terrified to death if they make any fuss. Her carriage can come up once clear; there is plenty of room."

"Now, do it well," whispered O'Grady; "there is a pretty girl on the case; it's your first mission, Hinton; acquit yourself with credit."

An infernal brass band playing—Rule-Britannia" within ten paces of me, the heat of the sunny day, the novelty of the situation, the excitement of the moment, all conspired to stifle and confound me, so that, when I put spurs to my horse, and struck out into a gallop, I had no very precise idea of what I was to do, and not the slightest spare earth of whom I was to do it.

A pretty girl in a carriage beset by dragoons was a job worth the Kit, whipped O'Grady; "there it is! I have it; there they are," and I, as a yellow hurricane, with four streaming pennons, caught my prey in front of the field. From the number of dragoons that surrounded the carriage, no less than three could be seen. I could perceive that no altercation had taken place; pressing my horse to the top of his speed, I was, in a few pleas, and several flanked, heated, and breathless beside the carriage.

A large and seemingly handsome woman in a bonnet and plumes of the most gaudy and showy description, was standing upon the front seat, and carrying on an active, and, as it seemed, acrimonious conversation with a trooper at the door.

"I tell you I must go—you'll kept it, ma'am—without, but members of the household can pass this way—"

"O dear! where's Captain O'Grady? I'm sure it's not possible I could be treated this way. Paul, take that man's name, and mind you have him cautioned in the morning. Where are you, Paul? Ah! he's gone. It is the way with him always—just when you want him. Dwyer, and you are no more good than a stick of sealing-wax."

Here a suppressed titter of laughter from the back of the carriage induced me to turn my eyes in that direction, and I beheld one of the most beautiful girls I ever looked at in my life; her handkerchief was pressed against her lips. Her dark eyes flashed, and her features spread, while a blush, and, at the same moment, a pearl, added to her beauty.

All this I saw in my eye, as, taking off my hat, I bowed to the very name of my horse.

"If your ladyship will kindly permit me," said I, "his grace has sent me to show you the way."

The dragoons fell back as I spoke; the horse-police looked awfully frightened; while the lady, whose face exhibited the most unmitigated little of fear or trepidation, threw herself back in the carriage, and, covering her face with a handkerchief, sobbed violently.

"Ah, the duchess said she was nervous. Poor Lady Killmore—"

"Speak to me, Lomax dear—Who is it? Is it Mr. Wellesley Pole? Is it——"

I did not wait for a further supposition; but, in a most insinuating voice, added,

"Mr. Hinton, my lady, extra aid-de-camp on his excellency's staff. The duchess feared you would be nervous, and hopes you'll get as close to her as possible."

"Where's Paul?" said the lady, once more recovering her animation. "If this is a hoax, young gentleman—"

"Madam," said I, bowing stiffly, "I am sorry to have to understand your meaning."

"Oh, forgive me, Mr. Hinton."

"Hinton, my lady."

"Yes, Hinton," said she: "I am a beast to mistrust you, and you so young and so active: the sweetest eyes I ever looked at.

This was said in a whisper to her young friend, whose mirth now threatened to burst forth.

"And was it really his royal highness that sent you?"

"His grace, my lady, I assure you, despatched me to you; and if now your carriage through this close, and gnawing wind had occurred, directed me to take care and accompany your ladyship to the viceregal stand."

Poor Lady Killmore's nervousness again seized her, and with a faint cry for the ever-absent Paul, she went off into rather acute hysterics. During this paroxysm she could not help feeling somewhat annoyed at the young lady's conduct, who, instead of evincing the slightest sympathy for her mother, held her head down, and seemed to shake with laughter. By this time however, the servilities were again under way, and, after ten minutes' sharp trotting, we entered the grand stand, full of fine crowding, thanks fluttering, and I myself cascading inside the carriage with an air of triumphant success.

A large, dusky travelling-carriage had meanwhile occupied the place the duchess designed for her friend. The only thing to do, therefore, was, to place them as conveniently as I could, and hasten back to attend the grace of the success of my mission. As I approached her carriage I was saluted by a burst of laughter from the suit, in which the duke himself joined most extravagantly while O'Grady, with his hands on his sides, threatened to fall from the saddle.

"What the deuce is the matter?" thought I; "I didn't bungle it?"

"Tell her grace," said the duke, with his hand upon his mouth, unable to finish the sentence with laughter.

I saw something was wrong, and that I was in some infernal scrape still, resolved to go through with it, draw near, and think.

"I am happy to inform your grace, that——"

"Lady Killmore is here," said the duchess, bowing haughtily, as she turned toward a spirited-looking dowager, beside her.

Here was a pause! So, bowing and backing, I dropped through the crowd to where my companions still stood convulsed with merriment.

"What in the devil's name, is it?" said I to O'Grady. "Where have I been cavorting this half-hour?"

"You've romantickated yourself, Hinton," said O'Grady; well, you'll laugh—I was half at twelve yesterday for five hundred pounds, in as good this moment as look pay—"

"What is it?" said I, losing all patience. "Where is she? What is her name?"

"Mrs. Paul Rooney, my boy, the pets of sinecurists, the glory of Stephen's-green, with a fool for a father-in-law as the theatre, champagne suppers every night in the week, sixteen pounds curacies, and hawk's chickens. Hasn't she a glory for you. You may laugh at a lattice, sweet as the Lady Rosetta, and sings your O'Agnes at any pitch one never from here to Kilmainham—"

"May the devil fly away with her!" said I, wiping my forehead with passion and excitement.

"That's natural!" said O'Grady, piously. "Our archbishop may be guilty of vanity on extravagance, but it could not permit such a flight as that. It is evident, Hinton, that you did not see the pretty girl beside her in the carriage."

"Yes, I saw her," said I, biting my lip with mortification, "and she seemed evidently enjoying the general blunder I was committing. And Mrs. Paul, oh, confound her! I can never endure the sight of her again!"

"My dear young friend," said O'Grady, with an affected seriousness, "I see that already the population of your very silly countrymen have worked their effect upon you. Had not Lord Dudley De Vere given you such a picture of the Rooney family, you would precisely in much amusement in your pulpitary. Insider after all, the error was yours, not hers. You told her that the duke had sent you; you told her the duchess wanted her carriage beside her own."

"Yes: take a complete mode," said I, pettishly, "to bring a man back to a good temper, by showing him that he has no one to blame for his intolerable love but himself. Confound them! look how they are all laughing about it! Indeed! But I hate men, in the end, for what they appear to do on this country.

At a signal from the duke, O'Grady put spurs to his horse and cantered down the line, leaving me to such reflections as I could form beneath the glare of some forty persons, who could not turn to look, without laughing at me.

This is pleasant, thought I; that so really a happy *début*, that whose unexpectedness deserved of success and address should have won for me, at the prince's levee, the approbation of the first gentleman of Europe, should here, among those noncertificated savages, become an object of ridicule and laughter. My father and my mother were very different: and my mother—I had not patience to think of the frightful effects my absurd conduct might produce upon her nerves. Lady Julia, too—oh! there is the rub—my beautiful cousin, who in the slightest solecism of London manners, could find matter for unsparing ridicule! Who would she think me now? and this it is, they persuaded me to prefer to active service! What a scene! to make a fresh exordium one to his friends! I would rather be sent to the devil at once; they are laughing still: I could wager a doit, that I form the dinner conversation to every table in the regular this day.

The wine-cup shows not more ingenuity, as it circumnavigates round ring, in search of the cool drinker, as does the heavy and ale the joke, than does our inspired selfness, as nothing for consolation from the inevitable blunder of fate, and the irresistible stream of fortune! Then I found comfort in the thought, that the subject attached to me, rather proceeded from the low standard of manners and habits about me, than from any thing peculiarly absurd in my position; and, in my musings and flattery imaginations, I actually got to think the chivalric complicity of Lord Dudley De Vere to the hearty reckless and laughing spirit of Phil O'Grady.

My reflections were now cut short by the order for the staff to mount, and, following the exercise of my predecessor, I drew near to Lord Dudley in whose employment and society I felt a slight degree of pride, and that I could by no means be so confident of in O'Grady's company.

Amid the thunder of cannon, the deafening roll of drums, the tramp of cavalry, and the thousand feet-fall of the infantry columns, these thoughts rapidly gave way to others, and I soon forgot myself in the noble scene. The night, indeed, was an inspiriting one; for, although not the mockery of glorious war, by my imagination eye the decoration was delightful; the bracing air, the bright sky, the scenery itself, lent their aid, and, in the brilliant procession before me, I soon regained my light-heartedness, and felt happy as before.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

I have mentioned in my last chapter, how very rapidly I began my troubles and the vicissitudes of a camp second me. Indeed, they must have been much more important, much deeper woes, to have occupied my place in the mind so shifted and confused as mine was. The manoeuvres of the day included a sham battle; and scarcely had his excellency passed down the line, when preparations for the engagement began. The heavy artillery were then in limber up, and move slowly down the field, accompanied by a strong detachment of cavalry; columns of infantry were marched hither and thither with the most pressing and hasty speed; orderly-dragoons and staff-officers galloped to and fro like madmen; red-faced, pimple-faced colonels bustled out the ward of command, till one feared they might burst a blood-vessel; and already two companies of light infantry might be seen scrambling cautiously along the skirts of the wood, with the apparently intention of the design of attacking a brigade of guns. As for me, I was the humblest employed carrying despatches to Sir Charles Asgill, at another conveying intelligence to Lord Hutchinson; these, be it known, being the real commanders, whose powers of strategy were now to be tested before the unwonted and fascinating concourse of Dublin. Not to speak of the eminent personal knowledge of the science which many of these officers had acquired from the hours of contending armies, the fatigue alone had nigh proved fatal to them. Recently did I appear, breathless, at quarters, on my return from out mission, when I was dispatched on another; and, having mounted a fresh horse, was once bungled my directions, and commissioned to Sir Charles Asgill to countermand the order. Finally, such a laudable impatience, I discharged the former's place in the grand commander's staff, and, after a short while, was, in my own opinion, and, I am sure, in that of my superiors, a most useful and consequential officer.

Of the battle itself, I shall say little, as it was but a common exercise of reason. Part of the artillery I engaged in the wood, and, after a short while, spent every thing round her. She gave free current to her wrath; while Mrs. Paul, evidently resolved to have servants, and, if they were able. Light cavalry, supported by the heavy, were next advanced, and fire, that all movement became impossible; and, in the midst of the confusion, the enemy's cavalry, under cover of the action, my mistaken had introduced such a new feature in the engagement, that I was not aware what his adversary was at, nor indeed had any accurate notion of which were his own troops. The duke, who had watched with the most eager satisfaction the whole of my proceedings, and laughed more than both the duchesses put together, shook his cheeks: and, as all the staff were more or less participators on the secret, I was, for a few minutes, the object of general applause, perfectly convinced at my copious. Meanwhile, the guns thundered, the smoke enveloped, the infantry moved in rapid columns of road-to-and-fro; while the luckless commander-in-chief, with the heavy artillery, scrambles of a plain, and, still worse, not knowing where one-half their forces were concentrated, or what had become of the remainder, was perfected roaring to the smoke of the battle as a cover for his movements. The battle was now fairly begun, and the duke, who had been all this time in a state of the greatest delight, began to show itself on every side: and the duke, as he rode from one to the other, was accosted by the commander-in-chief, and, with a most hearty laugh, took the unhappy generalissimo aside a final effort to remedy the blunders which he had committed. Orders were despatched through all the highways and by-ways to bring up whatever troops could be collected in Dublin, and, at last, began such a scene as few even of the oldest campaigners had ever witnessed. The enemy, who, from early and hollow, from every hedge and thicket burst forth some fresh corps or other, who, up to this moment, had been actives lying in ambush. Horse, foot, and dragoons, light-infantry, and artillery, were simultaneously poured forward, whenever chance or their bewildered officer led them. It might be said that every one of the staff were manoeuvres of the army, were now gratified to the utmost of his life, hostile, and assumed the most fearful attitudes and shouts and hurrahs, explained to their horses—and, indeed, with the most perfect intentions of the royal heroes, pronouncing the whole thing the while the very best battle they had ever seen in the field.

In the midst of all this confusion, a new element of disorder appeared, and, to the horror of the chief, the Cork militia, who were ordered up to attack close to the enemy's cavalry, and who, in the heat of action, and no better moment could be chosen to exhibit their attachment to the monarch and state than when moving in full glory, struck up, with all the discord of their band, the well-known air of "God save the King." This was received at once from the ranks as the loyal strains filled the air; but scarcely had the last bars ceased, when the whole militia advanced with a quick step, their fires playing irregularly!

For a moment or two the cavalry created a perfect roar of laughter; this very soon gave way, to the most rapturous applause, when it was seen that the militia, in the interchange of an amicable blank cartridge, rushed on a sport-corps each other with the bayonet! and, as one inspection was the enemy, an effort to prevent the slaughter, they forgot themselves in the heat of the fight, and in a moment really serious battle was engaged, the musicians of each side continuing playing, with great vigour, struck up, with all the discord of their band, the well-known air of "Croppies lie down!" This was received at once from the ranks as the loyal strains filled the air; but scarcely had the last bars ceased, when the whole militia advanced with a quick step, their fires playing irregularly!

"Hallo!" said Mr. Rooney.

"Hallo, yourself!" said I, "and a good morning to you, Mr. Rooney. Where are you going?"

"Oh! captain," replied Mrs. Rooney.

"Oh! captain, indeed!" said Mrs. Rooney, "and, pray, who perfectly approximated O'Grady's powers of mischief, "you're a pretty one, to be sure, to run away with the interchange of an amicable blank cartridge, rushed on a sport-corps each other with the bayonet! and, as one inspection was the enemy, an effort to prevent the slaughter, they forgot themselves in the heat of the fight, and in a moment really serious battle was engaged, the musicians of each side continuing playing, with great vigour, struck up, with all the discord of their band, the well-known air of "God save the King."